ZENESCOPE ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS
the MONSTER HUNTERS'
SURVIVAL GUIDE
CASE FILES: CHUPACABRA
ONE SHOT
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The legend of the goat-sucker has long been told in the small towns of Texas, Mexico and South America. Tales claim it kills animals in the dark of night, ripping their throats apart and drinking their blood. Many farmers and villagers have found their livestock dead and drained of blood come dawn. But in one Mexican town it is no longer the livestock that need to worry after dark. Humans seem to have taken their place as the Chupacabra's prey...and it's up to one Monster Hunter to find out why and stop it...if he can.

COVER A
PASQUALE QUALANO
JASON EMBURY

COVER B
CIAO CACAU

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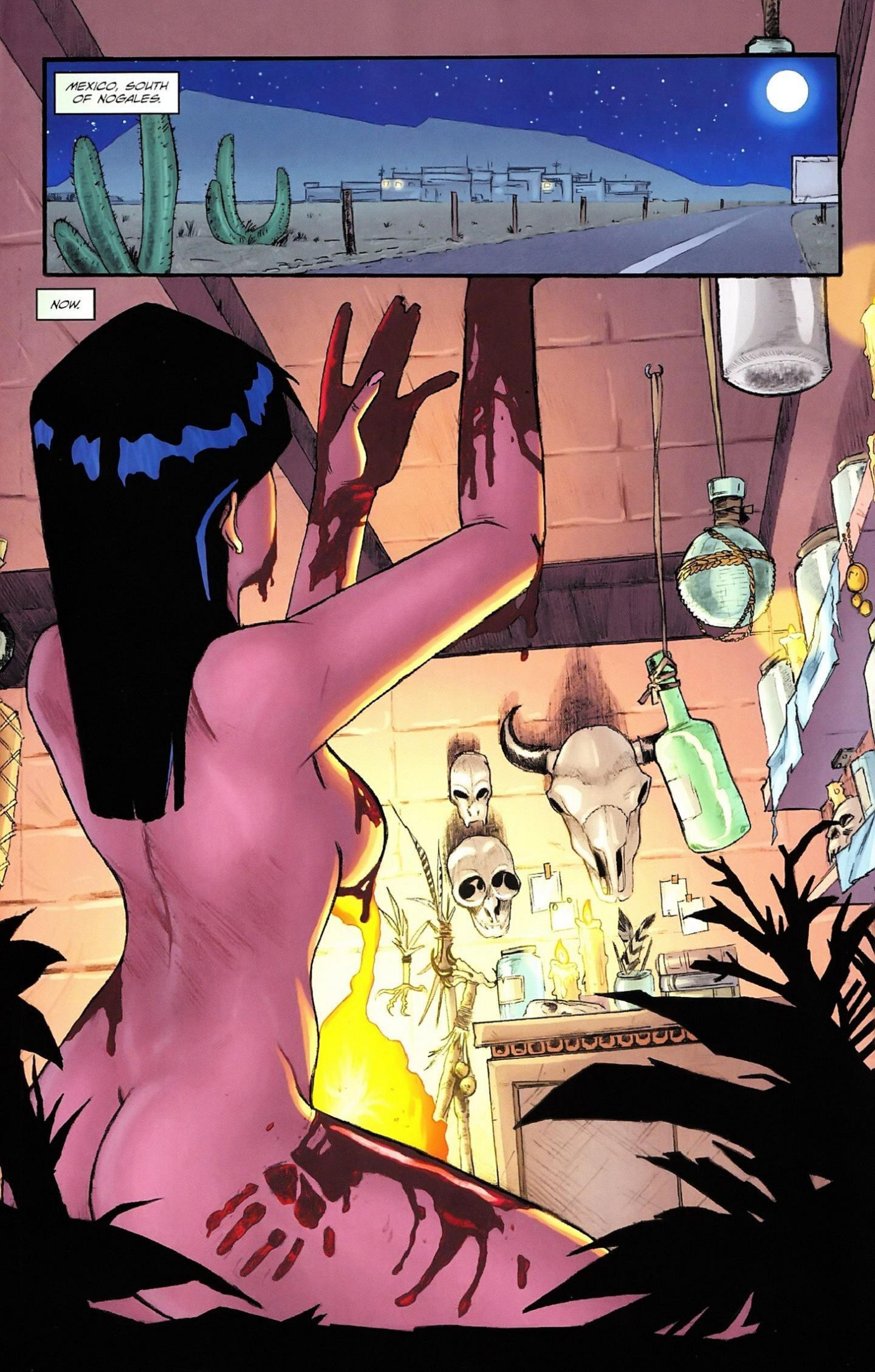
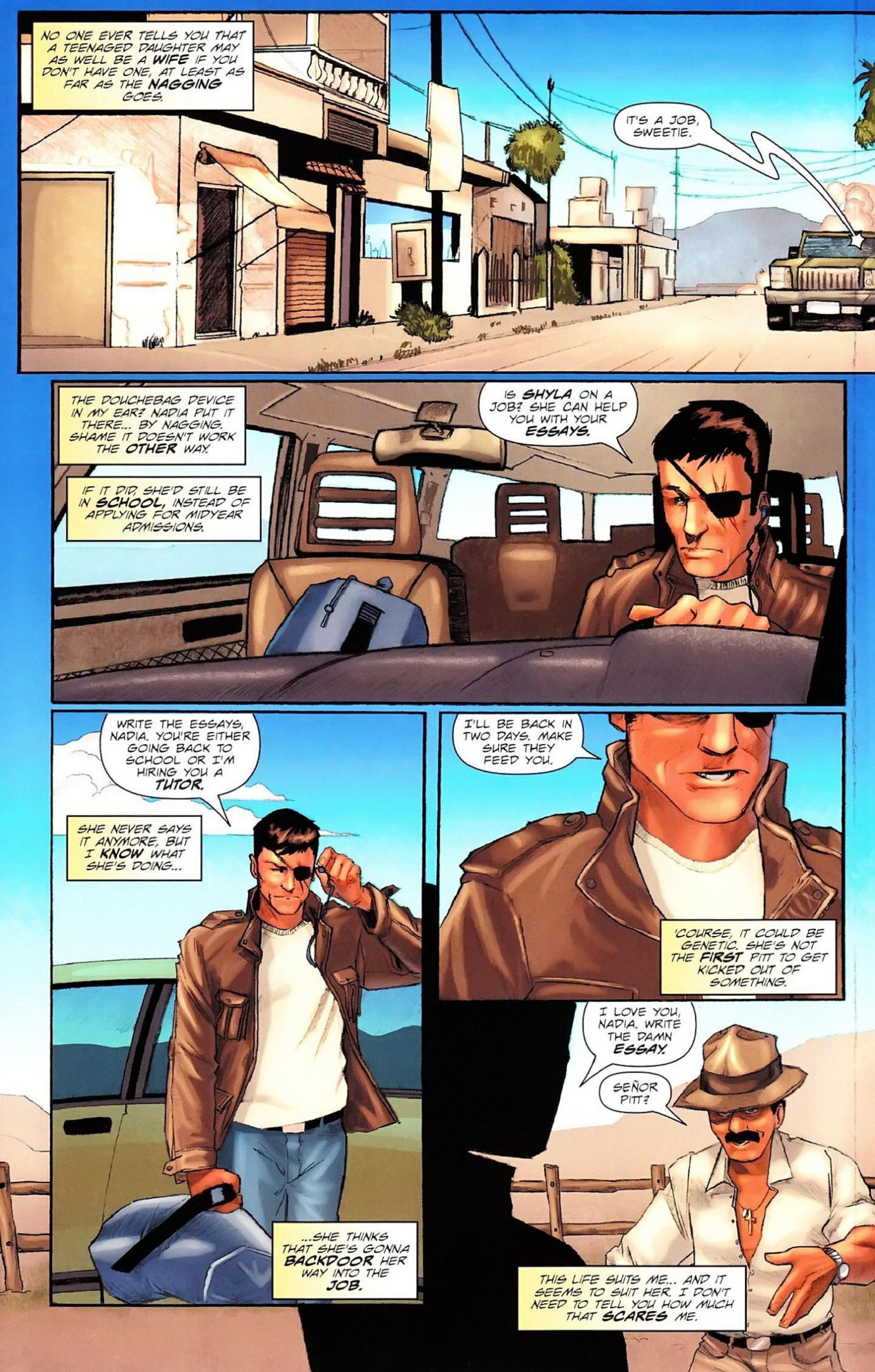

MEXICO, SOUTH OF NOGALES.
NOW.

BAKAW



NO ONE EVER TELLS YOU THAT A TEENAGED DAUGHTER MAY AS WELL BE A **WIFE** IF YOU DON'T HAVE ONE, AT LEAST AS FAR AS THE **NAGGING** GOES.
IT'S A JOB, SWEETIE.
THE DOUCHEBAG DEVICE IN MY EAR? NADIA PUT IT THERE... BY NAGGING. SHAME IT DOESN'T WORK THE **OTHER** WAY.
IF IT DID, SHE'D STILL BE IN **SCHOOL**, INSTEAD OF APPLYING FOR MIDYEAR ADMISSIONS.
IS **SHYLA** ON A JOB? SHE CAN HELP YOU WITH YOUR **ESSAYS.**
WRITE THE ESSAYS, NADIA. YOU'RE EITHER GOING BACK TO SCHOOL OR I'M HIRING YOU A **TUTOR.**
SHE NEVER SAYS IT ANYMORE, BUT I **KNOW** WHAT SHE'S DOING...
...SHE THINKS THAT SHE'S GONNA **BACKDOOR** HER WAY INTO THE **JOB.**
I'LL BE BACK IN TWO DAYS. MAKE SURE THEY FEED YOU.
'COURSE, IT COULD BE GENETIC. SHE'S NOT THE **FIRST** PITT TO GET KICKED OUT OF SOMETHING.
I LOVE YOU, NADIA. WRITE THE DAMN **ESSAY.**
SEÑOR PITT?
THIS LIFE SUITS ME... AND IT SEEMS TO SUIT HER. I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH THAT **SCARES** ME.

YEAH, SORRY. TALKING TO MY KID. YOU ROGELIO?
SI. YOU SPEAKA SPANISH?
HIGH SCHOOL WAS A WHILE AGO. I CAN MANAGE IN A TACO BELL.
ENGLISH ES OKAY.
WHAT DO YOU GOT FOR ME?
BETWEEN MY BROKEN SPANISH AND ROGELIO'S SLIGHTLY BETTER ENGLISH, I GET TO WHAT HE'S SAYING THE PROBLEM IS...
AQUÍ...
...AND IF HE'D TOLD ME THIS OVER THE PHONE, I PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE COME.
Hunh. NOT MUCH BLOOD.
LIKE I SAID, SEÑOR.
MONSTERS TEND TO COME WITH BAGS AND BAGS OF BACKGROUND STORIES, PLENTY OF WHICH CAN BE DEBUNKED... BUT ALSO WITH SOME STUFF THAT JUST CAN'T BE EXPLAINED IN A NORMAL WAY.
BUT THIS...
YEAH. THIS POOR BASTARD'S BEEN EXSANGUINATED... AND THIS WASN'T A VAMPIRE.
COMO?
NOTHING.
...STORIES ABOUT CHUPACABRAS DIDN'T START UNTIL THE SEVENTIES. THE NAME WASN'T COINED UNTIL THE NINETIES, AND BY A COMEDIAN AT THAT.
THE STORIES ALMOST UNIFORMLY END UP LEADING TO A COYOTE WITH MANGE OR SOME DISPUTE BETWEEN FARMERS THAT GOT OUT OF CONTROL.
BUT THIS ISN'T SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

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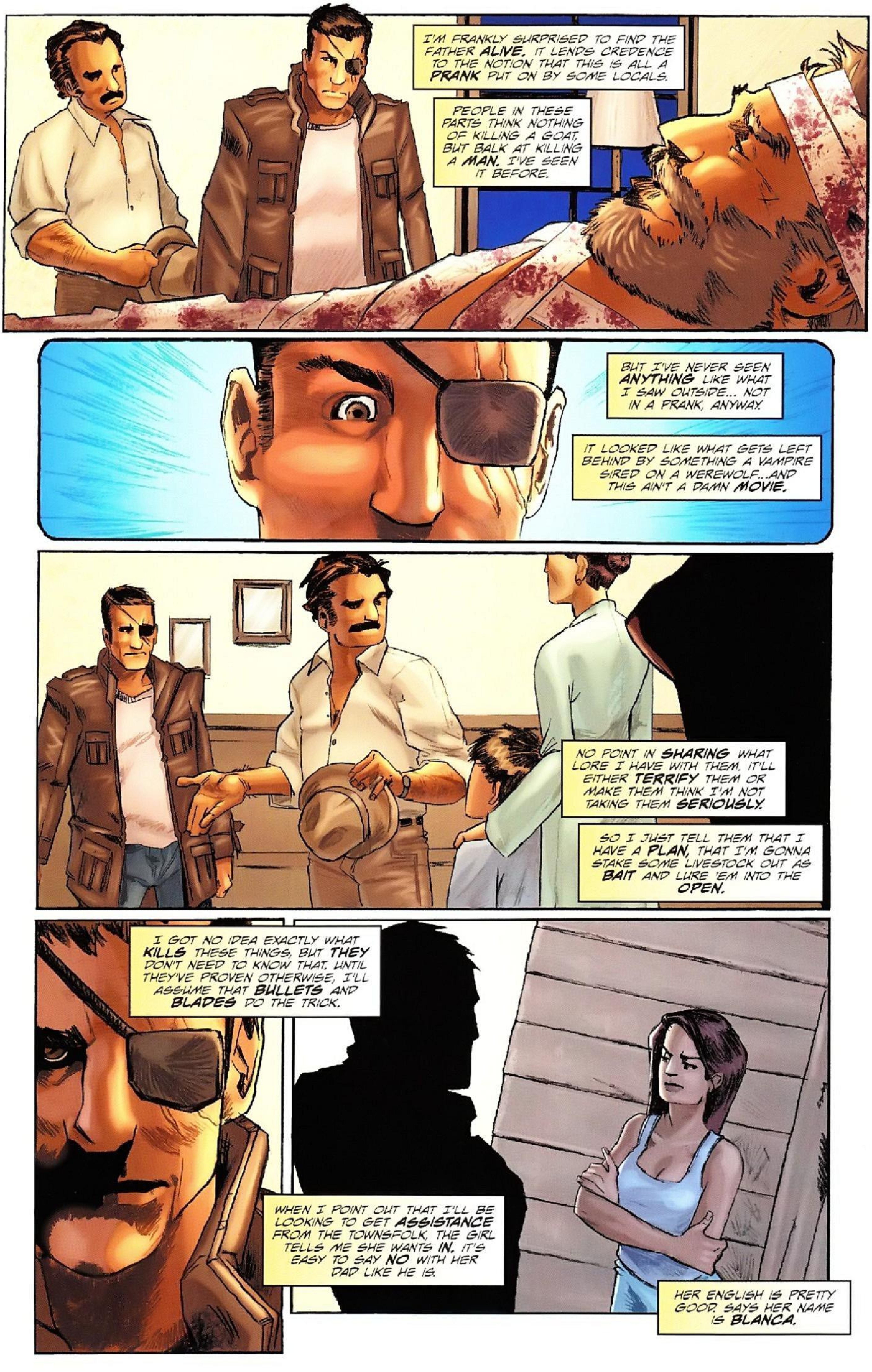
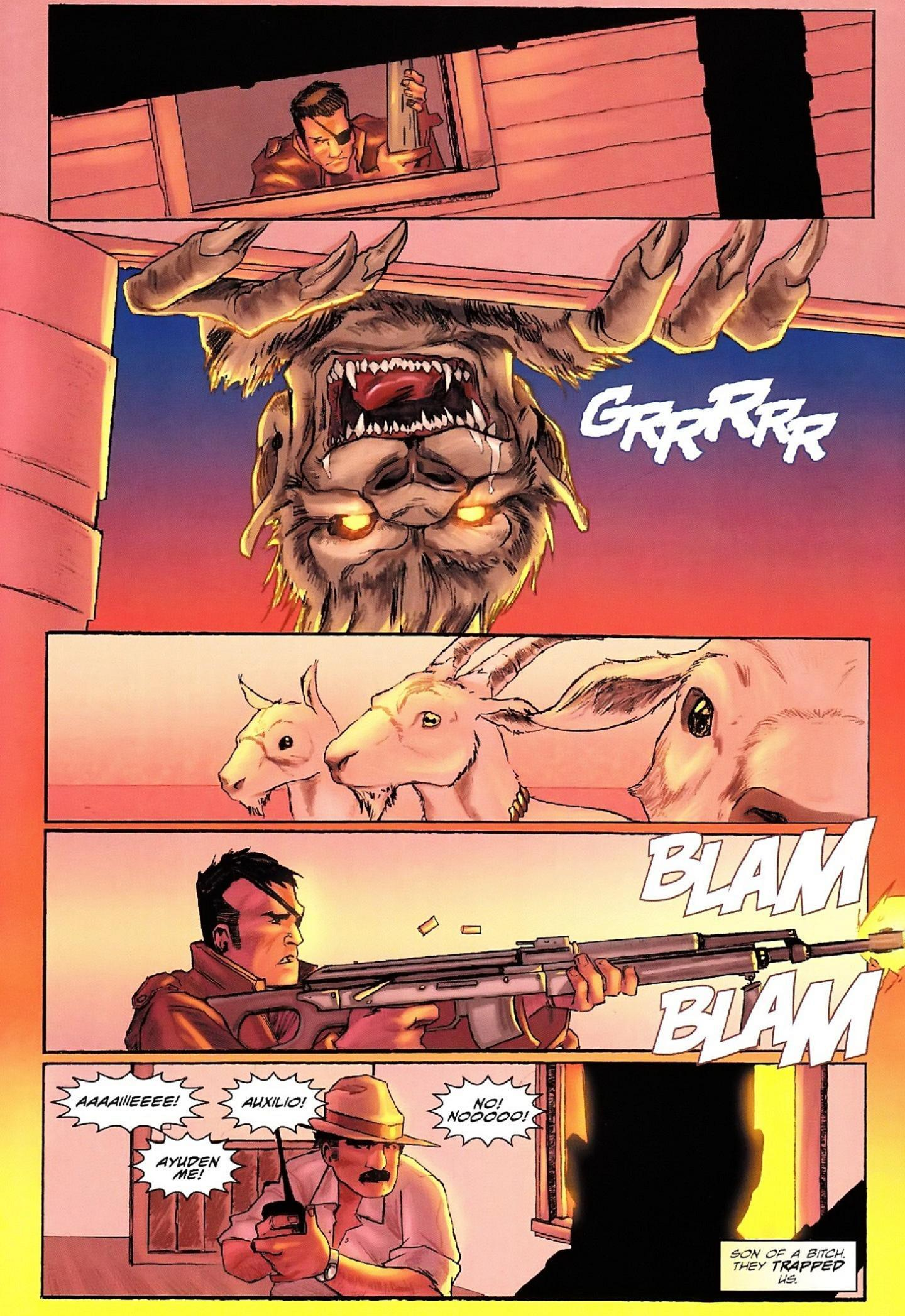
AND THE GOATS WEREN'T THE ONLY VICTIMS.
TURNS OUT A GOAT IN PAIN DOESN'T SOUND ALL THAT DIFFERENT FROM A THE SCREAMS OF A WOMAN.
AAAIEEEEEEE
YAAAIEEEEEE
NEITHER ARE THE SCREAMS OF A MAN.
TWENTY YEARS ON THE JOB, THAT MUCH I KNEW.


I'M FRANKLY SURPRISED TO FIND THE FATHER ALIVE. IT LENDS CREDENCE TO THE NOTION THAT THIS IS ALL A PRANK PUT ON BY SOME LOCALS.
PEOPLE IN THESE PARTS THINK NOTHING OF KILLING A GOAT, BUT BALK AT KILLING A MAN. I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.
BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE WHAT I SAW OUTSIDE... NOT IN A FRANK, ANYWAY.
IT LOOKED LIKE WHAT GETS LEFT BEHIND BY SOMETHING A VAMPIRE SIRED ON A WEREWOLF...AND THIS AIN'T A DAMN MOVIE.
NO POINT IN SHARING WHAT LORE I HAVE WITH THEM. IT'LL EITHER TERRIFY THEM OR MAKE THEM THINK I'M NOT TAKING THEM SERIOUSLY.
SO I JUST TELL THEM THAT I HAVE A PLAN, THAT I'M GONNA STAKE SOME LIVESTOCK OUT AS BAIT AND LURE 'EM INTO THE OPEN.
I GOT NO IDEA EXACTLY WHAT KILLS THESE THINGS, BUT THEY DON'T NEED TO KNOW THAT. UNTIL THEY'VE PROVEN OTHERWISE, I'LL ASSUME THAT BULLETS AND BLADES DO THE TRICK.
WHEN I POINT OUT THAT I'LL BE LOOKING TO GET ASSISTANCE FROM THE TOWNSFOLK, THE GIRL TELLS ME SHE WANTS IN. IT'S EASY TO SAY NO WITH HER DAD LIKE HE IS.
HER ENGLISH IS PRETTY GOOD. SAYS HER NAME IS BLANCA.

NO SURPRISE, A FEW OF THE LOCALS AREN'T TOO PLEASED WITH MY CHOICE OF KILLING GROUND.
I TELL THEM THAT A CROSSROADS IS A GOOD PLACE TO MEET A DEVIL... AND THAT I WANT AN OPEN FIELD OF VISION ON OUR TURF.
THERE'S GRUMBLING THAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BUT THEY FINALLY DEFER TO WHAT THEY THINK IS MY EXPERTISE.
I'VE GOT THE RURAL MEXICAN EQUIVALENT OF SNIPERS SET UP AT THREE OTHER SPOTS, ALTHOUGH ALL HAVE ORDERS TO HOLD THEIR FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD, EVEN IF I START SHOOTING.
SEÑOR, I--?
Quietly, Rogelio.
DON'T WANT TO SHOOT UP THE WHOLE TOWN, AND I'VE GOT BULLETS OF AN... "EXOTIC NATURE." NOT ENOUGH TO SHARE, THOUGH.
You've done this before, right?
Too many times.
I do not like this, not at all. I was happier telling my children that there are no monsters in the world.
Maybe you still can. Maybe this'll turn out to be nothing but a Mountain Lion or rabid Coyote.
Is that what you expect?
No. It's not. But I've been wrong before.
Lie to your children if you have to, Rogelio. There are some things they should never have to know.
WHUMP


GRRRRRR
BLAM
BLAM
AAAAIIIEEEE!
AYUDEN ME!
AUXILIO!
NO! NOOOOO!
SON OF A BITCH. THEY TRAPPED US.

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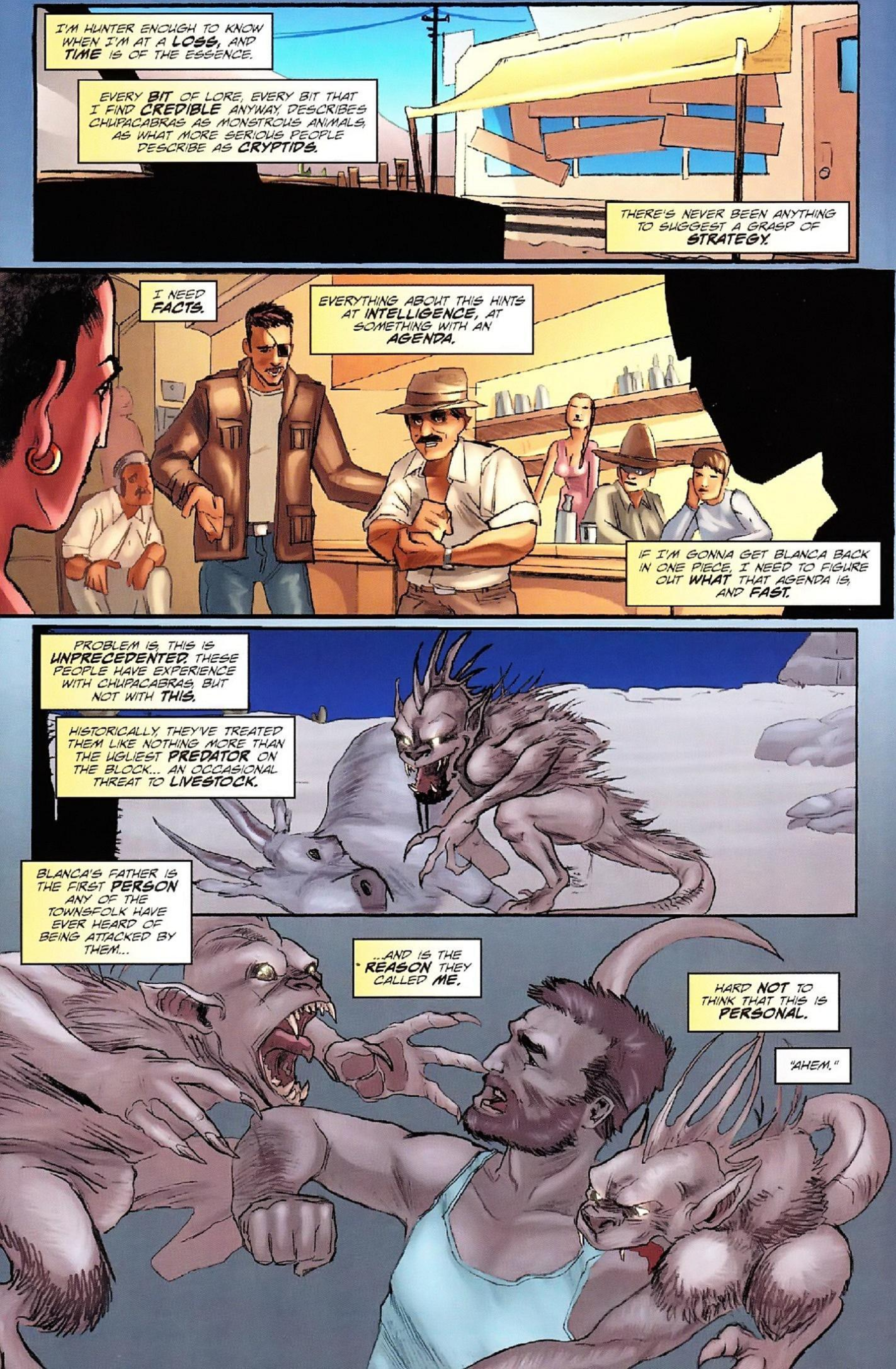
THE NEXT MORNING...
BAR 101
THIS IS MY FAULT.
THERE'S NO MONSTER HUNTERS' RULE THAT SAYS WE DON'T INVOLVE CIVILIANS...
...BUT NO ONE EVER DOES.
THIS IS WHY.
I HAD A C.O. BACK IN KUWAIT WHO SAID NO ONE KNOWS WHAT LUCKY FEELS LIKE UNTIL HE'S SURVIVED A BATTLE WITH EVERY MAN UNDER HIS COMMAND STILL ALIVE...
...AND NOW I KNOW WHAT LUCKY FEELS LIKE. THERE WEREN'T EVEN ANY SERIOUS INJURIES. IT ALL LOOKS WORSE THAN IT IS.
THEY DIDN'T MOLEST THE GOATS AT ALL. THIS WAS A COORDINATED ATTACK, AN ATTACK WITH A PURPOSE.
AND A LOT OF THESE TRACKS ARE HEADED TOWARD...
...DAMN.

MY GUT TELLS ME THAT THERE'S NO POINT IN GOING IN HOT... BUT IT WAS MY GUT THAT TOLD ME THAT THE CROSSROADS AMBUSH WOULD WORK.
BUT MY GUT IS RIGHT. I CAN TELL BY THE SMELL THAT THE MESS IS HOURS OLD, AND SO'S THAT BLOOD ON THE WALL.
THAT BLOOD ISN'T HUMAN, EITHER THAT, OR BLANCA'S GOT SOME JUICE.
ANYBODY HERE?
HELLO?
creeeak
HOLA?
MY TACO BELL SPANISH IS GOOD ENOUGH TO GET THEIR GIST.
BLANCA. THE CHUPACABRAS TOOK HER.


I'M HUNTER ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN I'M AT A LOSS, AND TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.
EVERY BIT OF LORE, EVERY BIT THAT I FIND CREDIBLE ANYWAY, DESCRIBES CHUPACABRAS AS MONSTROUS ANIMALS, AS WHAT MORE SERIOUS PEOPLE DESCRIBE AS CRYPTIDS.
THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING TO SUGGEST A GRASP OF STRATEGY.
I NEED FACTS.
EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS HINTS AT INTELLIGENCE, AT SOMETHING WITH AN AGENDA.
IF I'M GONNA GET BLANCA BACK IN ONE PIECE, I NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT AGENDA IS, AND FAST.
PROBLEM IS, THIS IS UNPRECEDENTED. THESE PEOPLE HAVE EXPERIENCE WITH CHUPACABRAS, BUT NOT WITH THIS.
HISTORICALLY, THEY'VE TREATED THEM LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN THE UGLIEST PREDATOR ON THE BLOCK... AN OCCASIONAL THREAT TO LIVESTOCK.
BLANCA'S FATHER IS THE FIRST PERSON ANY OF THE TOWNSFOLK HAVE EVER HEARD OF BEING ATTACKED BY THEM...
...AND IS THE REASON THEY CALLED ME.
HARD NOT TO THINK THAT THIS IS PERSONAL.
"AHEM."

WHO'S THIS?
Um, ANGELICA CIFUENTES. SHE THINK IT MORE THAN "SOMETHING PERSONAL."
AND HOW WOULD SHE KNOW?
WE'RE BEING PUNISHED FOR OUR SINS.
GAWD.
FOR YOUR SINS? WHAT SORTS OF SIN HAVE YOU COMMITTED?
WERE THE GOATS DOING IT FIRST?
THERE ARE MONSTERS OUT THERE CONNECTED TO SOMETHING... OR DISCONNECTED... TO SOMETHING HOLY.
YOU SEEK TO MOCK OUR FAITH. THIS IS A MISTAKE. WE SHOULD FORCE THE SINNERS OUT.
WE SHOULD FORCE THEM OUT, OR WE WILL ALL BE MADE TO SUFFER.
THIS ISN'T ONE OF THEM. THIS IS JUST A FREAKY-ASS ANIMAL.
THE RIGHTEOUS SHOULD NOT BE MADE TO SUFFER FOR THE WICKED.
I THINK.

THERE AREN'T A LOT OF THINGS IN THIS BUSINESS MORE DANGEROUS THAN GOING INTO A MONSTER'S LAIR.
I'VE MADE A CAREER OUT OF NOT DOING IT... BUT I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S WHERE THIS TRAIL LEADS.
DEET DE DEET
Text from Nadia: i finished the effing essays!
Text from Pitt: Now put the application in the mail!
Text from Nadia: whatever. Shyla just rescued 6 kids from a bridge troll.
Text from Nadia: that's what *i* should be doing.
Text from Pitt: Maybe when you're 18. You don't know what this life is.
Text from Pitt: There's a better life for you.
GRRRRR
AAAAAH
Text from Nadia: whatever.
Text from Nadia: r u finished?

GRRRRRRRRR
EASY THERE, FELLAS...

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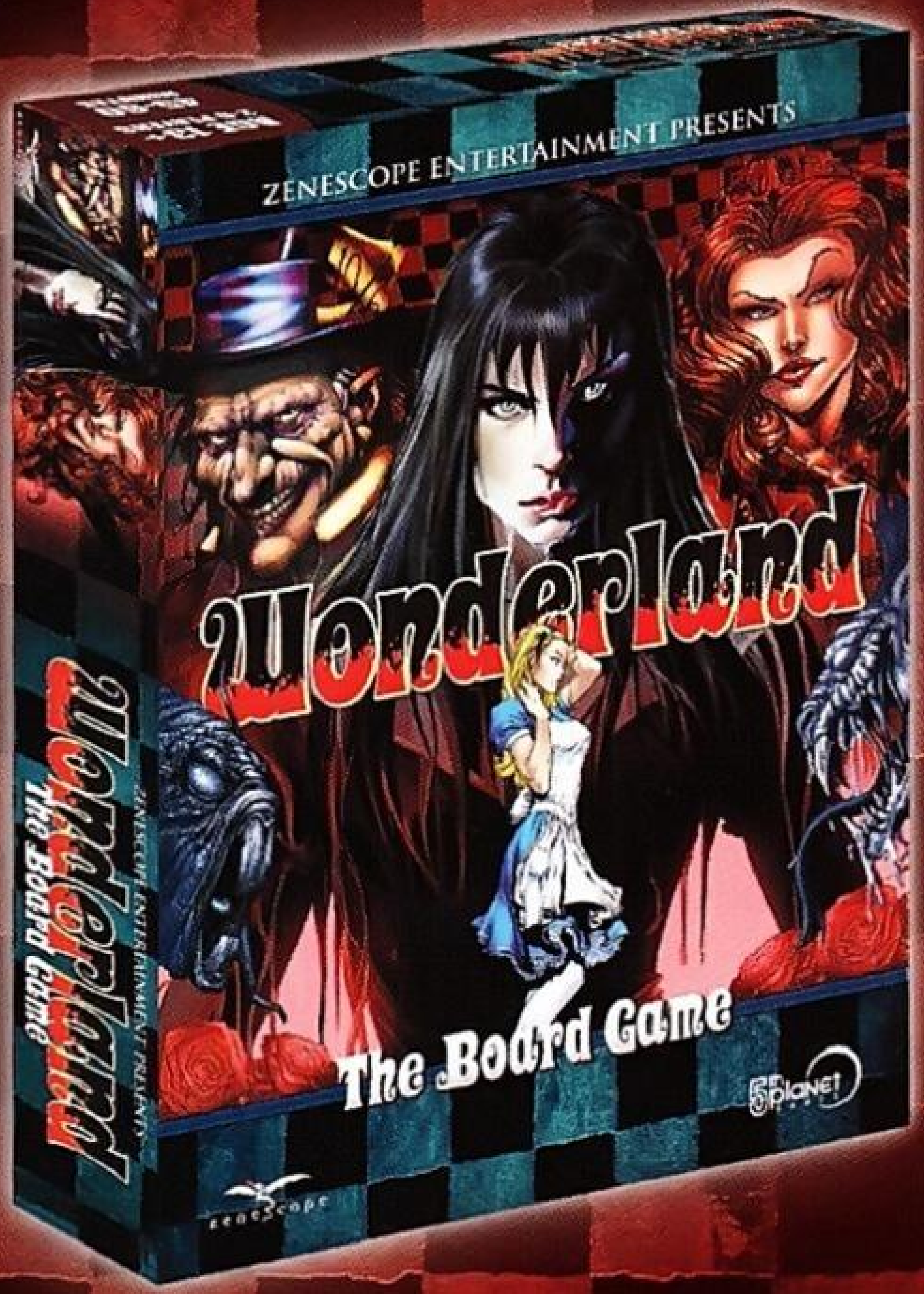
Wonderland
The Board Game



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SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF MY MIND, I REALIZE THAT NONE OF THIS MAKES SENSE...
...CHUPACABRAS HUNT TO FEED.
YIIIPE!
BLAM
THE REST OF ME JUST WANTS THESE THINGS DEAD.

LUCKILY, I HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH BULLETS TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
RRRAAAAARRHH
BLAM

BLANCA DIDN'T DESERVE THIS, NO ONE DOES. EVERYONE DESERVES A PROPER BURIAL. NO ONE SHOULD HAVE TO BE LEFT OUT FOR THE WORMS...
FOR THE TIME BEING THIS WILL HAVE TO DO.
AND THEN IT STARTS TO MAKE SENSE...
I ALMOST HEAR THE CLICK AS THE PUZZLE PIECE FITS INTO PLACE.
SON OF A BITCH.

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I TRACKED A **PERSON**, BUT IT'S LIKE RIDING A **BIKE**.
WISH I COULD SAY I WAS **SURPRISED** ABOUT WHERE I END UP.
THERE ARE **TWO** KINDS OF PEOPLE THAT TALK ABOUT "SIN."
I PREFER THE ONES WHO TALK ABOUT THEIR **OWN** SINS. THEY'RE USUALLY EITHER MORE **DECENT** OR MORE **FUN**.
IT'S THE ONES THAT ARE PREOCCUPIED WITH **OTHER** PEOPLE SINNING THAT YOU HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR...
I'VE BEEN **EXPECTING** YOU.
COME IN. WE HAVE **MUCH** TO DISCUSS.

CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT?
AAAAAAAAAAAAH

ALLEN KEEG WAS NEVER A LADIES MAN.
UNTIL THE NIGHT EVERYTHING CHANGED.
NOW HE'S...
IRRESISTIBLE
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HERE! I HAVE BROUGHT YOU YOUR SECOND COURSE!
IDIOT.
KRAK
BREAKING A BINDING IS ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS YOU LEARN IN THIS BUSINESS...
...IT'S THE SAME DAY YOU LEARN THAT PEOPLE ARE THE WORST MONSTERS OF THEM ALL.

WITH THE BINDING BROKEN, THE DEMON IS NOW FREE TO TAKE HIS OWN REVENGE...
THERE'S NOTHING GOOD ABOUT WATCHING A DEMON KILL SOMEONE... OR LETTING A DEMON KILL SOMEONE.
BUT SHE'S DANGEROUS, MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE CHUPACABRAS, AND I GOT TIRED OF SHOOTING PEOPLE BACK IN THE GULF.
EASY, BUDDY. IT'LL BE OVER SOON.
my... fault... loved... Blanca... affair... she... found out.
FIGURES IT'S SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
I SHOULD PUT THIS POOR BASTARD OUT OF HIS MISERY.
BUT, LIKE I SAID, I'M TIRED OF SHOOTING PEOPLE... AND SHE WAS ONLY SEVENTEEN.
SO I LET HIM SUFFER FOR A LITTLE WHILE, JUST IN CASE HE'S NOT FOLLOWING ANGELICA TO HELL.
I DON'T KNOW THE RULES ANY BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE.

TURNS OUT ANGELICA... FUNNY NAME, THAT... WAS DABBLING IN ALL KINDS OF BLACK MAGIC.
SHE JUST USED THE CHUPACABRAS TO RAISE ENOUGH FEAR IN BLANCA TO MAKE HER HEART SUITABLE FOR RAISING A DEMON.
THERE ARE MORE DIME STORE WITCHES AND BACK ALLEY MAGES RUNNING LOOSE THAN ANYONE WANTS TO ADMIT... AND NOT ONE OF THEM CAN BE EXPECTED TO CONTROL A DEMON.
GOOD THING THEY TEND TO GO BACK WHERE THEY COME FROM.
DEET DE DEET
Incoming Call: NADIA
HEY, SWEETIE. YOU MAIL OFF THAT APPLICATION?
GOOD GIRL.
LOOK, I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU... IF YOU GET YOUR DIPLOMA, WE'LL TALK ABOUT YOU DOING SOME TRAINING.
YEAH, WELL... I'M NOT SURE HOW A DEGREE IN HOTEL MANAGEMENT KEEPS YOU SAFE AT NIGHT.
NO, I'M NOT DRIVING, NOT YET. YES... I'LL WEAR THE DOUCHEBAG DEVICE.
--END--